The PHANTON OF THE OPERA

by Gaston Leroux THE MYSTERY OF THE YELLOW PACE and THE . PERFUME . OF . THE . LADY . IN . BLACK .

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Safety-Pin Again.

bound to cause a stormy explanation at your place; there's not a shadow at the end of which it was agreed that of a doubt about that." Richard should yield to all Monchar min's wishes, with the object of help "I am sure of my servants Who was victimizing them.

This brings us to the interval after It was arranged between Richard and fashion. Moncharmin, first, that Richard should, repeat the exact movements which be this! had made on the night of the disap pearance of the first twenty-thousand france; and, second, that Monchermin should not for an instant lose sight of Richard's cont-tail pocket, into sand france, which Mame Giry was to slip the twenty-thousand france.

self at the identical spot where he tents. had stood when he bowed to the un charmin took up his position a few per next?" stens behind him.

Mame Giry passed, rubbed ut home." against M. Richard, got rid of her twenty-thousand francs in the mana ger's cont-tail pocket and disappeared . . . Or, rather, she was conjured Moncharmin's hands. minutes earlier, Mercier took the good lady to the acting-manager's office and turned the key on ber, thur municate with her ghost.

though, these marks of politeness like last time." would have created no astonishment if the under-secretary of state had Moncharmin, crimson with rage. really been in front of M. Richard

body; bent his back . . . before being in yours!" nobody; and walked backward .

before nobody. And, a few steps behind him, M. Moncharmin did the same thing that he was doing, in addition to pushing away M. Hemy for?" and begging M. de La Borderie, the ambassador and the manager of the Credit Central, "not to touch M. le directeur."

Moncharmin, who had his own ideas, did not want Richard to come to him presently, when the twentythousand francs were gone, and say: "Perhaps it was the ambassador

or the manager of the Credit Central . . . or Remy." The more so as, at the time of the first scene, as Richard himself admit-

ted, Richard had met nobody in that part of the theater after Manue Giry had brushed up against him. Having begun by walking backward in order to bow, Richard continued to \$0 so from prudence, until he reach-

ed the passage leading to the offices of the management. In this way, he was constantly watched by Moncharmin from behind and himself kept an eye on any one approaching from the front. Once more, this novel method of walking behind the scenes, adopted by the managers of our National Academy of Music, attracted attention; but the managers themselves thought of nothing but their twenty-thousand francs.

On reaching the half-dark passage, Richard said to Moncharmin, in a low

"I am sure that nobody has touched Richard's pocket and drew out the me. . . You had now better keep at some distance from me and watch me till I come to the door of the office; it is better not to arouse suspicion and we can see anything that bappens."

But Moncharmin replied, "No. Richard, no! You walk shead and I'll walk immediately behind you! I won't leave you by a step!" "But, in that case," exclaimed Rich-

ard, "they will never steal our twentythousand frames!"

"I should hope not, indeed!" declared Moncharmin.

"Then what we are doing is ab-

"We are doing exactly what we did last time. . . Last time, I joined you as you were leaving the stage and followed close behind you down this passage.

"That's true!" sighed Richard, shaking his head and passively obeying Moncharmin.

agers locked themselves into their office. Moncharmin himself put the key in his pocket:

the opera to go home." "That's so. No one came and dis-

turbed us, I suppose?"

must certainly have been robbed on

my way home from the opera!" "No." said Moncharmin in a drier Moncharmin's last phrase so clearly tone than ever, "no, that's impossible. expressed the suspicion in which he For I dropped you in my cab. The after all, there is no one here except now held his partner that it was twenty-thousand francs disappeared

"It's incredible!" protested Richard. ing him to discover the miscreant and if one of them had done it, he would have disappeared since."

Moncharmin shrugged his shoulders, the Garden Act, with the strange con as though to say that he did not wish duct observed by M. Remy and those to enter into details, and Richard becurious lapses from the dignity that gan to think that Moncharmin was might be expected of the managers treating him in a very insupportable

"Moncharmin, I've had enough of

"Richard, I've had too much of it!" "Do you dare to suspect me?"

"Yes, of a silly joke." "One doesn't joke with twenty-thou-

"That's what I think," declared

M. Richard went and placed him and ostentatiously studying its con- pocket. "What are you doing?" asked Rich-

der-secretary for fine arts. M. Mon ard. "Are you going to read the pa- be robbed without noticing it."

Yes, Richard, until I take you still fumbling, believed:

"Like iast time?"

"Yes, like last time."

Richard snatched the paper from away. In accordance with the instruct stood up, more irritated than ever, tions received from Moncharmin a few and found himself faced by an exasperated Richard, who, crossing his out. The pocket was empty. And arms on his chest, said:

"Look here, I'm thinking of this, mained, stuck in the same place. making it impossible for her to com | I'm thinking of what I might think if, like last time, after my spending Meanwhile, M. Richard was bending the evening alone with you, you about the witchcraft. and bowling and scraping and walking brought me home and if, at the mobackward, just as if he had that high ment of parting. I perceived that and mighty minister, the under-secre twenty-thousand francs had disap his partner. tary for fine arts, before him. Only peared from my cost-pocket . . .

"And what might you think?" asked thousand francs!

"I might think that as you hadn't they caused an easily comprehensible left me by a foot's breadth and as, by who was ready to swoon, "on my soul, amazement to the spectators of this your own wish, you were the only one I swear that I haven't got it!" very natural but quite inexplicable to approach me, like last time, I Then somebody knocked at the scene when M. Richard had nobody in might think that, if that twenty-thou- door. Moncharmin opened it autosand francs was no longer in my matically seemed hardly to recognize M. Richard bowed . . . to no pocket, it stood a very good chance of Mercier, his business-manager, ex-

Moncharmin leaped up at the suggestion.

"Oh!" he shouted. "A safety-pin!" "What do you want a safety-pin further use, into the hands of his be-

"To fasten you up with! . safety-pin! . . . A safety-pin!" "You want to fasten me with a

safety-pin?" "Yes, to fasten you to the twentyfeel the hand that pulls at your pocket prima donna. and you will see if it's mine! Oh, so you're suspecting me now, are you?

A safety-pin!" And that was the moment when Moncharmin opened the door on the passage and shouted:

"A safety-pin! . . . somebody give me a safety-pin!" And we also know how, at the same moment, Remy, who had no safetypin was received by Moncharmin. while a boy procured the pin so eagerly longed for. And what happened was this: Moncharmin first locked the door again. Then he knelt

down behind Richard's back. "I hope," he said, "that the notes are still there "

"So do I," said Richard. "The real ones?" asked Monchar-

min, resolved not to be "had" this time "Look for yourself," said Richard

"I refuse to touch them." Moncharmin took the envelope from



Two minutes later, the joint man- "Give Me Back My Twenty-Thousand

bank-notes with a trembling hand, for We remained locked up like this, this time, in order frequently to make last time." he said, "until you left sure of the presence of the notes, he viting Raoul to take a chair, cleared had not sealed the envelope nor even the room of all the rest, excepting fastened it. He felt reassured on the managers. finding that they were all there and quite genuine. He put them back in "Then," said Richard, who was try- the tail-pocket and pinned them with called Erik, he lives in the opera and ing to collect his memory, "then I great care. Then he sat down be-

hind Richard's coat-tails and kept his eyes fixed on them, while Richard. sitting at his writing table, did not

"A little patience, Richard," said Moncharmia. "We have only a few gentlemen?" The clock minutes to wait. will soon strike twelve. Last time, we left at the last stroke of twelve." "Oh, I shall have all the patience necessary!"

The time passed, slow, heavy, mys-

"I shall end by believing in the omnipotence of the ghost," he said. attentively. "Just now, don't you find something uncomfortable, disquieting, alarming in the atmosphere of this room?" "You're quite right," said Monchar-

min, who was really impressed. "The ghost!" continued Richard, in a low voice, as though fearing lest, ne should be overheard by invisible ears. "The ghost! Suppose, all the same, it were a ghost who puts the magic envelopes on the table . who

who talks in Box Five . who unkilled Joseph Buguet . hooked the chandelier who robs us! For, after all, after all, you and me, and, if the notes disappear and neither you nor I have anything to do with it, well, we shall have to believe in the ghost . . in the ghost!"

At that moment, the clock on the mantlepiece gave its warning click and the first stroke of twelve struck. The two managers shuddered. The perspiration streamed from their foreheads. The twelith stroke sounded

strangely in their ears. When the clock stopped, they gave a sigh and rose from their chairs.

'I think we can go now," said Moncharmin "I think so," Richard agreed.

"Pefore we go, do you mind if I

look in your pocket" "But, of course, Moncharmin, you Well?" he asked, as must! Moncharmin, unfolding a newspaper Moncharmin was feeling at the

Well, I can feel the pin," "Of course, as you said, we can't But Moncharmin, whose hands were

"I can feel the pin, but I can't feel the notes" "Come, no joking Moncharmin!

'This isn't the time for it." Well, feel for yourself." Richard tere off his coat. The two managers turned the pocket inside the curious thing was that the pin re-

Richard and Moncharmin turned pale. There was no longer any doubt "The ghost!" muttered Moncharmin.

But Richard suddenly sprang upon "No one but you has touched my

pocket! Give me back my twenty-Give me back my twenty-thousand francs!" "On my soul," sighed Moncharmin,

changed a few words with him, without knowing what he was saying and.

wildered subordinate. . . . CHAPTER XVIII.

with az unconscious movement, put

the safety-pip, for which he had no

The Commissary, the Viscount and the

Persian. thousand francs! Then, whether it's The first words of the commissary here, or on the drive from here to of police, on entering the managers' your place, or at your place, you will office, were to ask after the missing

"Is Christine Daae here?" "Christine Dage here?" echoed Richard. "No. Why?" As for Moncharmin, he had not the

strength left to utter a word. Richard repeated, for the commissary and the compact crowd which had followed him into the office observed an impressive silence.

"Why do you ask if Christine Dane is here, M. le commissaire?" "Recause she has to be found." de-

clared the commissary of police solemnly. What do you mean, she has to be

found? Has she disappeared?" "In the middle of the performance!" "In the middle of the performance?

This is extraordinary!" "Isn't it? And what is quite as extraordinary is that you should first learn it from me!"

"Yes," said Richard, taking his head in his hands and muttering. "What were fresh horses in readiness at is this new business? Oh, it's enough every stage. to make a man send in his resigna-

tion!" his mustache without even knowing your orders, is it not?"

what he was doing. "So she . . . so she disappeared in the middle of the performance?" he repeated.

"Yes, she was carried off in the Prison Act, at the moment when she was invoking the aid of the angels; an angel."

"And I am sure that she was!" Everybody looked round. A young man, pale and trembling with excitement, repeated:

"I am sure of it!" "Sure of what?" asked Mifroid. "That Christine Daae was carried

off by an angel, M. le commissaire, and I can tell you his name." "Aha, M. le Vicomte de Chagny! So you maintain that Christine Dase

was carried off by an angel; an angel of the opera, no doubt?" "Yes, monsteur, by an angel of the opera; and I will tell you where he lives . . when we are alone.

"You are right, monsieur." And the commissary of police, in-

Then Raoul spoke: "M. le commissaire, the angel is is the Angel of Music!"

"The Angel of Music! Really! That of Music!" And, turning to the managers, M. Mifroid asked, "Have you

an Angel of Music on the premises,

Richard and Moncharmin shook their heads, without even speaking. "Oh," said the viscount, "those gentlemen have heard of the opera ghost. Well, I am in a position to state that the opera ghost and the terious, stilling. Richard tried to Angel of Music are one and the same person; and his real name is Erik."

> is it your intention to make fun of Christine Dase out of your brother's the law? And, if not, what is all this reach. about the opera ghost?"

M. Mifroid rose and looked at Raoui

heard of him." "Gentlemen, it appears that you know the opera ghost?"

hairs of his mustache in his hand. "No, M. Commissary, no, we do not know him, but we wish that we appearance, which was procured by did, for this very evening he has means which we have still to ascerrobbed us of twenty-thousand francs!" And Richard turned a terrible look drove right across Paris at a furious on Moncharmin, which seemed to pace."

"Give me back the twenty-thousand francs, or I'll tell the whole story." Moncharmin understood what he meant, for, with a distracted gesture, by the Brussels road." he said:

"Oh, tell everything and have done with it!" As for Mifrold, he looked at the

managers and at Raoul by turns and wondered whether he had strayed into a lunatic asylum. He passed his hand through his hair.

"A ghost," he said, "who, on the same evening, carries off an operasinger and steals twenty-thousand francs is a ghost who must have his hands very full! If you don't mind, we will take the questions in order. The singer first, the twenty-thousand francs after. Come, M. de Chagny, let us try to talk seriously. You believe that Mile. Christine Daae has been carried off by an individual called Erik. Do you know this person? Have you seen him?"

"Where?"

"In a churchyard." M. Mifroid gave a start, began to

scrutinize Raoul again and said: "Of course! That's where ghosts usually hang out! . . . And what were you doing in that church-

"Monsieur," said Raoul, "I can quite understand how absurd my replies must seem to you. But I beg you to believe that I am in full possession of my faculties. The safety of the person degrest to me in the world is at stake. I should like to convince you in a few words, for time is pressing and every minute is valuable. Unfortunately, if I do not tell you the strangest story that ever was from the beginning, you will not be-Heve me. I will tell you all I know about the opera shost, M. Commis-

sary. Alas, I do not know much! "Never mind, go on, go on!" exclaimed Richard and Moncharmin,

suddenly interested. Unfortunately for their hopes of them on the track of their hoaxer, they were soon compelled to accept the fact that M. Raoul de Chagny had completely lost his head. All that story about Perros-Guirec, death's heads and enchanted violins, could only have taken birth in the disordered brain of a youth mad with love. It was evident, also, that M. Commissary Mifrold shared their view; and the magistrate would certainly have cut short the incoherent narrative if circumstances had not taken it upon themselves to interrupt it. The door opened and a man entered, curiously dressed in an enor- "You, Who Know Erik's Secrets and mous frock-coat and a tall hat, at once shabby and shiny, that came down to his ears. He went up to the commissary and snoke to him in a whisper. It was doubtless a detective come to deliver an important com-

munication. During this conversation M. Mifrold

did not take his eyes off Raoul. At last, addressing him, he said: "Monsieur, we have talked enough about the ghost. We will now talk about yourself a little, if you have no objection; you were to carry off

Mile. Christine Dane tonight?" "Yes, M. le commissaire." "After the performance?" "Yes, M. le commissaire."

"All your arrangements were "Yes, M. le commissaire."

"The carriage that brought you was to take you both away. . . . There "That is true, M. le commissaire

"And nevertheless your carriage is And he pulled a few hairs out of still outside the Rotunda awaiting "Yes, M. le commissaire."

"Did you know that there were three other carriages there, in addition to yours?"

"I did not pay the least attention." "They were the carriages of Mile. Sorelli, which could not find room in but I doubt if she was carried off by the Cour de l'Administration; of Car-

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Sold by druggists everywhere. Be sure to get the genuine; 25c and \$1.00. is why I spoke to you." Stearns' Electric Paste Co., Chicago, Ill. | "What can you do?"

lotta, and of your brother, M. le is very curious! . . . The Angel Comte de Chagny. . . . "

"Very likely. "What is certain is that, though your carriage and Sorelli's and Carlotta's are still there, by the Rotunda pavement, M. le Comte de Chagny's carriage is gone." "This has nothing to say to

"I beg your pardon. Was not M. le Comte opposed to your marriage with Mlle. Dane?" "That is a matter that only con-

"You have answered my question; he was opposed to it . . and "I beg your pardon, monsieur, but that was why you were carrying Well, M. de Chagny, allow me to inform you that your "I say that these gentlemen have brother has been smarter than you! It is he who has carried off Christine Daae!"

cerns the family."

"Oh, impossible!" moaned Raoul, Richard rose, with the remaining pressing his hand to his heart. "Are you sure?

"Immediately after the artist's distain, he flung into his carriage, which

"Across Paris?" asked poor Raoul. in a hoarse voice. "What do you mean by across Paris?"

"Across Paris and out of Paris

"Oh," cried the young man, "I shall catch them!" And he rushed out of the office.

"And bring her back to us!" cried the commissary gaily. . that's a trick worth two of the Angel of Music's!" And, turning to his audience, M. Mifroid delivered a little lecture on

police methods. "I don't know for a moment whether M. le Comte de Chagny has really Persian. carried Christine Daae off or not but I want to know and I be-

lieve that, at this moment, no one is more anxious to inform us than his brother. . . And now he is flying in pursuit of him! He is my chief auxiliary! This, gentlemen, is the art of the police, which is believed to be so complicated and which, nevertheless, appears so simple as soon as you see that it consists in getting your work done by people who have nothing to do with the police."

But M. le Commissaire de Police Mifroid would not have been quite so satisfied with himself if he had known that the rush of his rapid emissary was stopped at the entrance to the very first corridor. A tall figure blocked Raoul's way.

"Where are you going so fast, M de Chagny?" asked a voice, Raoul impatiently raised his eyes and recognized the astrakhan cap of



Don't Want Me to Speak of Them.

"It's you!" he cried, in a feverish voice. "You who know Erik's secrets and don't want me to speak of them. Who are you?"

"You know who I am! . . . I

am the Persian!" CHAPTER XIX.

The Viscount and the Persian. Raoul now remembered that his brother had once shown him that mysterious person, of whom nothing was known except that he was a Persian and that he lived in a little oldfashioned flat in the Rue de Rivolt.

The man with the ebony skin, the eves of jade and the astrakhan can bent over Raoul. "I hope, M. de Chagny," he said, "that you have not betrayed Erik's

secret?" "And why should I hesitate to be tray that monster, sir?" Raoul rejoined haughtily, trying to shake off the intruder. "Is he your friend, by any chance?"

"I hope that you said nothing about Erik, sir, because Erik's secret is also Christine Daae's and to talk about one is to talk about the other!" "Oh, sir," said Raoul, becoming more and more impatient, "you seem

terest me; and yet I have no time to listen to you!" "Once more, M. de Chagny, where are you going so fast?"

to know about many things that in-

"Cannot you guess? To Christine Daae's assistance. . . "Then, sir, stay here, for Christine Dane is here!"

"With Erik?" "With Erik." "How do you know?" "I was at the performance and no

trive an abduction like that!

recognized the monster's touch!

"You know him then?" The Persian did not reply, but heaved a fresh sigh.

Oh," he said, with a deep sign, "I

do anything to help me? I mean, to help Christine Dage?" Darius?" "I think so, M. de Chagny, and that

"Try to take you to her . and to him.'

"If you can do me that service, sir, my life is yours! . . One word ried off by my brother, Count Phi-

"Oh, M. de Chagny, I don't believe a word of it."

"It's not possible, is it?" "I don't know if it is possible or not; but there are ways and ways of

carrying people off; and M. le Comte Philippe has never, so far as I know, had anything to do with witchcraft." "Your arguments are convincing, shr, and I am a fool! Oh. let tirely in your hands! . . How

smile when Erik's name is mentioned?" And the young man impetuously seized the Persian's hands. They

when you are the only one not to

are the only one to believe me

were ice-cold ping and listening to the distant harm." sounds of the theater. "We must not mention that name here. Let us say 'he' and 'him'; then there will be less danger of attracting his attention."

"Do you think he is near us?" "It is quite possible, sir, if he is in the house on the lake." "Ah so you know that house, too?"

"If he is not where, he may be here, in this wall, in this floor, in this ceiling! Come! deaden the sound of his footsteps, led posite. Then he climbed on the stool, him down passages which Raoul had and with his nose to the wall-paper, never seen before, even at the time when Christine used to take him for

walks through that labyrinth. "If only Darlus has come!" said the

"Who is Darius?" "Darius? My servant." They were now in the center of a real deserted square, an immense apartment ill-lit by a small lamp. The Persian stopped Raoul and, in the softest of whispers, asked:

"What did you say to the commis-SETY?" "I said that Christine Deae's abductor was the Angel of Music, alias the opera ghost, and that the real name was . . ."

"Hush! . . . And did he be-

lieve you?" "No." "He attached no importance to what you said?

"No. "He took you for a bit of a madman?

"Yes."

"So much the better!" sighed the Persian. And they continued their road. After going up and down several selves in front of a door which the Persian opened with a master-key. The Persian and Raoul were both, of course, in dress-clothes; but, whereas Raoul had a tall hat, the Persian wore the astrakhan cap which I have already mentioned. It was an informer of the rule which insists men the tall hat behind the scenes. out in France foreigners are allowed every license; the Englishman his traveling cap, the Persian his cap of

astrakhan. "Sir," said the Persian, "your tall hat will be in your way; you would do well to leave it in the dressingroom."

Raoul. "Christine Dane's." And the Persian letting Raoul through the door which he had just

You surely don't expect it to move opened, showed him the actress' room opposite. They were at the end of the passage the whole of which Raoui had inch or two from !eft to right. It will

been accustomed to traverse before knocking at Christine's door. "How well you know the opera,

"Not so well as 'he' does!" said the Persian modestly. And he pushed the young man into Christine's dressing-room, which was

earlier. Closing the door, the Persian went to a very thin partition that separated the dressing room from a big lumber-room next to it. He listened and then coughed loudly.

as Raoul had left it a few minutes



"Do You Mean to Fight a Duel?" Asked the Young Man.

There was a sound of some one stirring in the lumber-room; and, a one in the world but Erik could con- few seconds later, a finger tapped at the door. "Come in," said the Persian.

A man entered, also wearing an astrakhan cap and dressed in a long overcoat. He bowed and took a richly carved case from under his coat, "Sir," said Raoui, "I do not know but it on the dressing-table, bowed what your intentions are, but can you once again and went to the door. "Did no one see you come in,

"No, master."

"Let no one see you go out." The servant gianced down the Argus,

passage and swiftly disappeared.

The Persian opened the case. It contained a pair of long pistols. "When Christine Daae was carried more: the commissary of police tells off, sir, I sent word to my servant to me that Christine Daae has been car- bring me these pistols. I have had them a long time and they can be re-

lied upon." "Do you mean to fight a due!?"

asked the young man. "It will certainly be a duel which we shall have to fight," said the other, examining the priming of his pistols. "And what a duel!" Handing one of the nistols to Raoul, he added: "In this duel, we shall be two to one; but you must be prepared for everything, for we shall be fighting the most terus make haste! I place myself en- rible adversary that you can imagine. But you love Christine Daae, do you should I not believe you, when you not?"

"I worship the ground she stands on! But you, sir, who do not love her, tell me why I find you ready to risk your life for her! You must certainly hate Erik!"

"No, sir," said the Persian sadly, "I do not hate him. If I hated him, "Silence!" said the Persian, stop- he would long ago have ceased doing

"Has he done you harm?" "I have forgiven him the harm

which he has done me." "I do not understand you. You treat him as a monster, you speak of his crime, he has done you harm and not, at this moment, with his victim, I find in you the same inexplicable pity that drove me to despair when I

saw it in Christine!' The Persian did not reply. He fetched a stool and set it against the wall facing the great mirror that And the Persian asking Room to filled the whole of the wall-space opseemed to be looking for something.

"Ah," he said, after a long search. "I have it!" And, raising his finger above his head, he pressed against a corner in the pattern of the paper. Then he

turned round and jumped off the stool. "In half a minute," he said, "we shall be on his road!" and crossing the whole length of the dressing room he felt the great mirror.

tered. "Oh, are we going out by the mirror?" asked Raoul. "Like Christine Dane." "So you knew that Christine Dane

went out by that mirror?"

"No, it is not yielding yet," he mut-

"She did so before my eyes, sir! I was hidden behind the curtain of the inner room and I saw her vanish not by the glass, but in the glass!" "And what did you do?" "I thought it was an aberration of

my senses, a mad dream. . . "Or some new fancy of the ghost's!" chuckled the Per an. "Ah. M. de Chagny," he continued, still with his hand on the mirror, "would that we had to do with a ghost! We staircases which Raoul had never could then leave our pistols in their seen before, the two men found them- case. . . . Put down your hat, please . . . there now cover your shirt-front as much as you can with your coat . I am doing. . . . Bring the lepels forward . . . turn up the collar.

> invisible as po sible. . . Bearing against the mirror, after a short silence, he said:

. We must make ourselves as

"It takes some time to release the counterbalance, when you press on the spring from the inside of the room. It is different when you are behind the wall and can act directly on the counterbalance. Then the mirror turns at once and is moved with incredible rapidity." "What dressing - room?" asked "What counterbalance?"

Raoul

of itself, by enchantment! If you watch, you will see the mirror first rise an inch or two and then shift an

"Why, the counterbalance that lifts

the whole of this wall on to its pivot.

then be on a pivot and will swing round." "It's not turning!" said Raoul impatiently. "Oh wait! You have time enough to be impatient, sir! The mechanism has obviously become rusty, or else the spring isn't working. . .

less it is something else," added the Persian anxiously. "What?" "He may simply have cut the cord of the counterbalance and blocked the whole apparatus.

"Why should he? He does not

know that we are coming this way!"

"I dare say he suspects it, for he knows that I understand the system." "It's not turning! . . . And Christine, sir, Christine?" The Persian said coldly: "We shall do all that it is humanly possible to do! . . . But he may stop us at the first step! . . . He commands the walls, the doors and

the trap-doors. In my country, he was known by a name which means the 'tran-door lover.' "

"But why do these walls obey him alone? He did not build them!" "Yes, sir, that is just what he did!" Rapul looked at him in amazement; but the Persian made a sign to him to be silent and pointed to the glass. . There was a sort of shivering reflection. Their image was troubled

then all became stationary again. "You see, sir, that it is not turning! Let us take another road!" "Tonight, there is no other!" declared the Persian, in a singularly mournful voice. "And now, look out!

as in a rippling sheet & water and

And be ready to fire." He himself raised his pistol opposite the glass. Raoul imitated his movement. With his free arm, the Persian drew the young man to his chest and, suddenly, the mirror turned, in a blinding daze of crosslights; it turned like one of those revolving doors which have lately been fixed to the entrances of most restaurants, it turned, carrying Raoui and the Persian with it and suddenly hurling them from the full light into the deepest darkness.

(To be Continued.)

All the news all the time-The